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The Garret near the sky songster

London

[18--]

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OCLC Number : 27690778
Call Number : W PN970.E5 GARRx
Title : The Garret near the sky songster.
Imprint : London : J.T. Wood, [18--]
Format : [16] p. ; 19 cm.
Note : Cover title.
Note : Running title: New and favourite songs.
Note : Hand-colored title vignette.
Note : Without music.
Subject : Chapbooks, English.

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THE GARRET NEAR THE SKY

SONGSTER.

The Author's Edition. Published by Permission.

The Garret near the sky	Charity Crow the binder	Pepper's patent Ghost
Poor old Mike	I'd choose to be a baby	Mary's Policeman
Sam's Sally	Love and Courage	The Thorn
Beef, Pork Mutton	Plodding through the Rain	Going down Holborn Hill
Water-cresses	The Angel dress'd in White	Ain't you sorry you dressed yourself
The Sailor's Grave	My boyhood's home	Isabella
Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green	I must go out on Sunday	

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY J. T. WOOD, 278, STRAND.

ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR.

Music published by H. D'Alcorn, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street.

No doubt you all remember Greenwich Fair
when in its prime;
For young and old you would behold flock there
at Eastertime,
And how the lads and lasses would jump,
twist, turn, and stare,
When they got a scratch all down the back
with "All the fun of the fair."
Who'll buy the fun of the fair, and make folks
laugh and stare?
The best of any—only a penny—"All the fun
of the fair."

You saw dancing booths and fancy stalls, and
lottery boxes scores,
Play-acting shows and circuses, and various
drinking stores,
Gay round-abouts and swinging boats, and Old
Aunt Sallies there—
But nothing pleased the girls so much as "All
the fun of the fair." Who'll buy, &c.

How often would folks fancy, when the
scratcher hard did press
Against them, that their clothes were torn, or
some part of their dress,
And tho' they'd shout and run about, here,
there, and everywhere,
How they would laugh to avoid the chaff, at
"All the fun of the fair."
Who'll buy, &c.

There married as well as single would all enjoy
the fun,
And how they'd prattle and with rattle behind
each other run,
When down the back they wouldn't lack to
scratch you I declare!
Then all the crowd would shout aloud, "Here's
'All the fun of the fair.'"
Who'll buy, &c.

Now all who would be happy and fun would
ever know,
They've only but to purchase one of these
before I go—
Especially those who'd marry, you're sure to
make a match,
If you'll but buy and only try to bring them to
the scratch. Who'll buy, &c.

A FATHER'S LOVE.

From the Opera of "Lurline." (Wallace.)

The nectar cup may yield delight,
The heart sweet music move,
But, oh! no charm, however bright,
Is like paternal love.
Affection wears a silken chain,
O'er deserts though we rove,
It gently draws us back again—
Each link a father's love.
It gently draws us back, &c.

Yes! like the balm of op'ning flow'rs,
Across the ocean foam,
It floats with ust o distant shores,
It pilots back our home.
Alas! how oft, in later years,
Though changed the heart may prove,
Doth mem'ry's dream recall, thro' tears,
A father's early love.
Doth mem'ry's dream, &c.

BILLY PATTISON.

Oh! white folks listen unto me,
Oh! Billy Pattison!
The subject of my story I'll tell unto thee,
Don't tell me, don't tell me!
The name of my song I'll sing unto thee,
Is, oh! Billy Pattison!
The name of my song I'll tell unto thee,
Don't tell me, don't tell me.

CHORUS.

Billy Pattison, good-bye,
I think your horse will die,
If he don't I'll ride again,
If he does I'll tan his hide.
I'll lay ten dollars down,
I'll leave it in my will,
Show me the man in this yer town,
That struck my brother Bill.

I had a brother—his name was Dick,
Oh! Billy Pattison!
Somebody hit him on the head with a brick,
Don't tell me, don't tell me!
Oh! what did he say when he came too?
Oh! Billy Pattison!
"I say darkies, this wont do,"
Don't tell me, don't tell me.
Billy Pattison, &c.

If ever you go to Fiddler's Green,
Oh! Billy Pattison,
A lame old nigger is there to be seen,
Don't tell me, don't tell me!
In his right hand he holds a will,
Oh! Billy Pattison!
And this is the man that struck old Bill,
Don't tell me, don't tell me!
Billy Pattison, &c.

BE QUIET, DO! I'LL CALL MY MOTHER.

Published by Addison, Hollier, and Lucas.

As I was sitting in a wood,
Under an oak-tree's leafy cover,
Musing in pleasant solitude,
Who should come by but John, my lover.
He press'd my hand, and kiss'd my cheek;
Then, warmer growing, kiss'd the other,
While I exclaim'd, and strove to shriek,
"Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother.'

He saw my anger was sincere,
And lovingly began to chide me,
Then wiping from my cheek the tear,
He sat him on the grass beside me;
He feign'd such pretty amorous woe,
Breath'd such sweet vows, one after other,
I could but smile, and whisper low,
"Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother."

He talk'd so long, and talk'd so well,
And vow'd he meant not to deceive me;
I felt more grief than I can tell,
When, with a sigh, he rose to leave me.
"Oh! John," said I, "and must thou go?
I love thee better than all other,
There is no need to hurry so,
I never meant to call my mother."

SAM'S SALLY;

OR, THE GAL FROM PENSYLVANIA.

Words by G. W. HUNT.
Sung by T. MACLAGAN.
Music published by L'Infant, Rathbone place.

Oh, British folks I'se jest arrived,
I'se de gal dey calls Sam's Sally;
I use to work on de cotton fields,
Way down in Pen-sil-va-ni.
I'se sister ob Julius Cæsar
Who works among be brake,
And son-in-law ob Pompey Squash,
And nephew to Ole Jake.

CHORUS.

Ho, ho! ho, ho!
I'se Sam's own Sally, oh!
I comes to see you British folks,
All de way from Pen-sil-va-ni.
Hoh, ho! hoh, ho!
I'se Sam's own Sally, oh!
I comes to see you British folks,
All de way from Pen-syl-va-ni.

Spoken.—Or any other gal,—but to return to the subject.

I walk'd to Jersey city
Whar I gets on board a ship,
My massa he run after me,
But dis gal gib him de slip.
I ax'd 'em whar de ship was gwine,
Dey said I was coming here,
But when de ship began to go,
Ho! it made dis gal feel queer.
Ho, ho! &c.

Oh, de wind it blew and thundered,
And it blew de ship away,
Sally she fell down de hole,
And dere dey let me lay.
De ship jump'd up and de ship jump'd down
And de lightning how it roar'd,
De Captain said dey'd have to chuck
Dis poor gal overboard.
Ho, ho! &c.

At last we gets to Liberpool,
An den I gets on shore,
I guess dey won't find dis old gal
Aboard of a ship no more.
I hopes to see my Uncle Sam
Now I'se got on de land,
Dat darkie he has got my heart,
And now he'll have my hand.
Ho, ho! &c.

THE TWIG OF THE SHANNON.

Music published by Foster and L'Enfant, Rathbone Place.

On the beautiful banks of the Shannon,
There grows such an *illegant* tree,
And the fruit that it bears is shillelagh,
I've a sprig of it here you may see:
'Tis the remnant of all my large fortune,
It's the friend that ne'er played me a trick,
And I'd rather loose half my supportin',
Than I'd part with this *illegant* stick.
'Twas a delicate sprig in the summer,
When I first cut it off from the tree,
And I've kept it thro' all the cold weather,
Faix! the sprig of shillelagh for me.

It's the porter that's carried my luggage,
For I've shoulder'd it many a mile,
And from thieves it will safely protect me
In a beautiful, delicate style.
It's useful for rows in the summer,
And when winter comes on with a storm,
If you're short of a fire in the cabin,
You can burn it to keep yourself warm.
'Twas a beautiful twig, &c.

It's a friend both so true and so constant—
It's constancy pen cannot paint,
For it always is there when it's wanted,
And sometimes it's there when it aint.
It beats all your guns and your *rifles*,
For it goes off whene'er you desire,
And it's sure to hit just what it aims at,
For shillelaghs they never *miss fire*.
'Twas a beautiful twig, &c.

It's a talisman so upright and honest,
Twenty shillings it pays in the pound,
So if ever it gets in your debt, sir,
You're sure to be paid I'll be bound.
It never runs up a long score, sir,
In trade it's not given to fail,
There's no danger of it's being insolvent,
For it always pays down on the nail.
'Twas a beautiful twig, &c.

And faith at an Irish election,
An argument striking it's there,
For with brickbats and sprigs of the Shannon
We see things all go right and square.
It's then there's no bribery at all, sir,
They vote as they like every soul,
But it's no use opposing shillelagh,
Or it's sure to come down on the poll,
'Twas a beautiful twig, &c.

Old England is the queen of the ocean,
The home where the slave can be free,
And the gem that she wears on her bosom,
It's the Emerald Isle of the Sea.
An' *if folks* don't believe in shillelagh,
And think it all blarney I've wrote,
Let them tread on the tail of the Lion,
Or the tail of an Irishman's coat.
Sure it's then that they'll find that shillelagh,
Is Liberty's beautiful tree,
That in summer and winter will blossom,
While the hands that protect it are free.

WHAT CAN'T BE CURED.

Oh! youth and folly make men marry;
So, fare you well, love; I'm going away.
What can't be cured, love, must be endured—
Then, fare you well, I must go away.

CHORUS.

What can't be cured, love, must be endured—
So, fare you well; I'm going away.

She cried and sighed, oh! when we parted;
Says I, "My dear, wipe your tears away."
She says to me, "John, I'm broken-hearted,
To think you're going far upon the sea.
What can't be cured, &c.

"My heart is sad, lovely Johnny dear,
To think you'd leave your Sally here,
Your auburn hair did my heart ensnare,
And your gimlet eyes bored a hole thro' me.
What can't be cured, &c.

THE PIPER.

In the year '98, when our troubles were great,
And it was treason to be a Milesian,
That black-whisker'd set we will never forget,
Tho' history tells us they were Hessians.
In this troublesome time, oh! 'twas a great crime,
And murder never was riper,
At the side of Glenshee, not an acre from me,
There lived one Denny Byrne, a piper.

Neither wedding or wake would be worth a shake,
Where Denny was not first invited,
At squeezing the bags and emptying the kegs
He astonished as well as delighted.
In these times poor Denny could not earn one penny,
Martial law had him stung like a viper,
They kept him within till the bones and the skin,
Were grinning thro' the rags of the piper.

One evening in June, as he was going home,
After the fair of Rathnagan,
What should he see from the branch of a tree,
But the corpse of a Hessian there hanging.
Says Denny, "Those rogues have boots, I've brogues."
On the boots then he laid such a griper,
He pulled with such might and the boots were so tight,
That legs and boots came away with the piper.

Then Denny did run, for fear of being hung,
Till he came to Tim Kennedy's cabin,
Says Tim, from within, "I can't let you in;
You'll be shot if you're caught there a rapping."
He went to the shed, where the cow was in bed,
With a wisp he began for to wipe her,
They lay down together, on a seven foot feather,
And the cow fell a hugging the piper.

Then Denny did yawn, as the day it did dawn
And he streel'd off the boots of the Hessian,
The legs, by the law, he left them on the straw,
And he gave them leg-bail for his mission.
When the breakfast was done, Tim sent out his son,
To make Denny jump up like a lamplighter,
When the legs there he saw, he roared like a jackdaw,
"Oh, daddy, the cow's eat the piper!"

"Mushabad luck on the beast—she'd a musical taste,
For to eat such a beautiful chanter;
Arrah! Patrick avic, take a lump of a stick,
Drive her off to Glenhealy—we'll caut her."
Mrs. Kennedy bawl'd, and the neighbours were call'd,
They began for to humbug and gibe her,
To the churchyard Tim walked, with the legs in a box,
And the cow will be hung for the piper.

The cow she was drove a mile or two off,
To the fair at the side of Glenhealy,
And there she was sold for four guineas in gold,
To the clerk of the parish, Tim Daley.
They went to a tent, the lucky penny was spent,
The clerk being a jolly old swiper,
Who d'ye think was there, playing the "Rakes of Kildare,"
But poor Denny Byrne, the piper.

Then Tim gave a bolt, like a half drunken colt,
At the piper he gazed like a gommock,
He said, "By the powers! I thought, these eight hours,
You were playing in Drinan Dhu's stomach."
Then Denny observed, how the Hessian was served,
And they all wished nicks secure to the griper,
For grandeur they met, their whistles they wet,
And like devils they danced round the piper.

THE WHISTLING THIEF.

When Pat came o'er the hills, his colleen fair to see,
His whistle, loud and shrill, his signal was to be,
(*Shrill whistle.*)
"Oh! Mary," the mother cried, "there's some one whistling sure."
"Oh! mother, you know it's the wind that's whistling through the door."
(*Whistles, "Garry Owen."*)
"I've lived a long time, Mary, in this wide world, my dear,
But the wind to whistle like that, I never yet did hear;"
"But, mother, you know the fiddle hangs just behind the chink,
And the wind upon the strings is playing a tune, I think."
(*Dog barks.*)
"The dog is barking now, and the fiddle can't play that tune,"
"But mother, you know that dogs will bark, when they see the moon;"
"Now how can he see the moon, when you know he's old and blind,
Blind dogs can't see the moon, nor fiddles be played by the wind."
(*Pig grunts.*)
"And now there is the pig, onaisy in his mind,"
"But, mother, you know they say that pigs can see the wind;"
"Thats all very well in the day, but then I may remark,
That pigs, no more than we, can see anything in the dark."
"Now I'm not such a fool as you think, I know very well it is Pat,
Be off you whistling thief, and get along home out of that,
And you be off to your bed, and don't bother me with your tears,
For tho' I've lost my eyes, I have not lost my ears."

MORAL.

Now, boys, too near the house, don't courting go, d'ye mind,
Unless you're certain sure the old woman's both *deaf* and blind;
The days when they were young, forget they never can,
They're sure to tell the difference 'twixt a fiddle, a dog, or a man.

I MUST GO OUT ON SUNDAYS.

Written by G. LINNÆUS BANKS.
Music by WILLIAM WILSON.

Published by permission of the Music Publishing Company, 19, Peter's-hill, St. Paul's, of whom the Music may be obtained, Price 6d.

I'm Jenny Jinks, the kitchen maid,
Of hard work not at all afraid,
Nor yet partic'lar to a shade,
But I must go out on Sundays.
Six days I'll work with all my might,
To keep the pots and kettles bright,
And put the cobwebs out of sight—
But I must go out on Sundays!

When first I went to take a place,
The lady look'd me in the face,
And said, "Young girl, now state your case,
And what about your Sundays?"
"Marm, I can bake, and I can brew,
And I can cook an Irish stew,
And wash a shirt, and iron it, too,
But I must go out on Sundays!"
Six days I'll work, &c.

"Indeed! why then 'tis plain," said she,
"That you will never do for me!"
I took my leave with a curtsey,
Resolved to have my Sundays.
A dozen places more I tried,
Throughout great London city wide,
But everywhere the ladies cried,
"We don't give 'outs' on Sundays!"
Six days I'll work, &c.

At last to bring the fates to book,
Sly counsel with myself I took,
And got a place with Doctor Hook,
Who never mentioned Sundays.
But when came round of days the best,
In pink and green myself I dress'd,
And sailed off gaily to the West,
Like other girls, on Sundays!
Six days I'll work, &c.

With Corporal Tomkins, of the Blues,
So handsome—six foot in his shoes—
I spent the day, did what I chose,
And planned for future Sundays.
But, fancy! when I homeward sped,
The family was all in bed,
Save one, who through the keyhole said,
"That's going out on Sundays!"
Six days I'll work, &c.

Now, wasn't this a pretty plight?
No friends at hand, locked out all night,
And told it only served me right,
For going out on Sundays!
But worst, because I kicked the door,
"Police!" was called, there came up four,
Who took me to—I'll say no more,
But it wasn't a place for Sundays.
Six days I'll work, &c.

So here I am again, you see,
A girl of famous industry,
But one who loves her liberty,
And most of all on Sundays!
Who wants a servant! Sir, do you!
I'll cook, clean, bake, wait, scrub, and brew;
Darn, stitch, wash, starch, and iron, too—
But I must go out on Sundays!
Six day's I'll work, &c.

One word before you answer, pray—
This much about myself I'll say,
To reconcile you to my way
Of going out on Sundays:
I'll not waste aught that's worth a pin,
Nor ever let a Bobby in,
To pick your bones, or drink your gin,
But I must go out on Sundays!
Six days I'll work, &c.

THE DRAPER'S CLERK; OR, JOANNA AND VERMICELLI.

Published by permission of the Music Publishing Company, 19, Peter's Hill, St. Paul's, of whom the Music can be obtained,

There was a young man lived in Plymouth town,
Vermicelli was his maiden name,
He got tired of living a country life,
And he wasn't very much for to blame.
Oh! he emigrated down to this here town,
The fountain of all wealth,
Andhe measured out tape in a draper's shop,
Which wasn't very good for his health.

Oh! he fell in love with a sweet young dove,
Her name it was Joanna;
She wore a magnolious crinoline,
And she punished the grand pianner.
Oh! he took her up to Richmond, on the penny boat,
And fed her on strawberries and cream,
She was chief engineer in a milliner's shop,
And boss of a sewing machine.

There was a photographic man lived opposite her house,
And he tried her cruel heart for to soften,
And he won her young affections away,
By taking her picture for noffin',
When the draper's clerk came to hear of this,
Out of him it took the shine;
He pack'd his clothes in a cigar-box, and bought a through ticket,
And sail'd for Melbourne on the Black Ball line.

LOVE AND COURAGE.

What speeds the hunter to the chase,
Where bears and wolves are prowling?
What makes him ev'ry danger face,
And mock their savage howling?
'Tis love that nerves his arm!
'Tis love, the patent charm
His heart with courage firing,
'Tis love—the all inspiring.

What spurs the soldier to the field,
Where balls around are flying?
What nerves his arm? his breast doth shield,
Amid the dead and dying?
'Tis love. &c.

What makes the hero brave and true?
What leads him on to glory?
What makes him dare such deeds to do
As live in future story?
'Tis love awards the prize,
'Tis love in beauty's eyes
His heart with courage firing,
'Tis love—the all inspiring.

BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, WILL YOU BUY?

There was a butcher boy, boy, boy,
Who a girl did much annoy-noy-noy,
By winking at her his eye;
And whenever she came to his shop
To purchase a steak or a nice loin chop,
He cried, "Beef, Pork, Mutton, will you buy,
buy, buy." "Beef, Pork," &c.

He love for her did feel, feel, feel,
Which love he did re-*veal*, veal, veal,
And heaved full many a sigh;
Then falling down upon his knees,
Her hand with rapture he did seize,
And cried, "Beef, Pork, Mutton, will you
buy, buy, buy?"
"Beef, Pork," &c.

Now a smart young brother had she, she, she,
Who had lately come from sea, sea, sea,
Where he did the waves defy.
He his sister embraced without delay,
Unto the Butcher's great dismay,
Who cried, "Beef, Pork, Mutton, will you
buy, buy, buy?"
"Beef, Pork," &c.

He did not know 'twas her brother, brother,
brother,
But thought of lover's 'twas another-nother-
nother,
So fate he did defy,
And walk'd up to the Sailor—who gave him a
frown—
But instead of directly knocking him down,
He cried, "Beef, Pork, Mutton, will you buy
buy, buy?" "Beef, Pork," &c.

Then the Butcher he whetted his knife, knife
knife,
Resolved to take the life, life, life,
Of this treach'rous girl so sly;
So by the hair he caught the maid,
And after flourishing his blade,
He cried, "Beef, Pork, Mutton, will you
buy, buy, buy,"
"Beef, Pork," &c.

The Sailor coming in—like a brick, brick, brick,
Saluted the Butcher with a kick, kick, kick,
That lifted him three feet high;
And when recovered from the shock,
He directly ran behind his block,
And cried, "Beef, Pork, Mutton, will you
buy, buy, buy?"
"Beef, Pork," &c.

Thus being bereft of hope, hope, hope,
He went and bought a rope, rope, rope,
Resolved that he would die.
But she all explained, and became his bride,
So instead of committing suicide,
He still cries, "Beef, Pork, Mutton, will you
buy, buy, buy?"
"Beef, Pork," &c.

THE ANGEL DRESS'D IN WHITE.

AIR—*Hampstead is the place to ruralise.*

One night in Piccadilly strolling was,
Homeward rolling was, the clock twelve tolling
was,
When just as myself consoling was,
A strange girl spoke to me.
That I would be standing
Of me begged so polite,
I could not be refusing,
Such an Angel dress'd in white.
Beware of strange girls, when you're meeting
them,
Don't be treating them, with smiles greeting
them,
Nothing you'll find but deceit in them,
Dress'd in dark or white.

She press'd me not to be forsaking her,
No mistake in her! I was taking her
To a public-house, to take wine making her,
She did not refuse.
Whilst the wine was drinking,
With her eyes so bright,
On me constant winking,
Was the Angel all in white.
Beware of strange girls, &c.

Another Angel soon was dropping in,
Smiling hopping in, by *accident* dropping in,
As her nurse asked to be stopping in,
To shew me her baby.
The child smiled on me sweetly,
It seemed delighted quite,
'Twas dress'd so very neatly,
Like its Ma—in white.
Beware of strange girls, &c.

Of course a great fuss they were making it,
No mistake in it, I must be taking it,
The nurse so willingly forsaking it,
Dropped it in my arms.
Whilst its weight was feeling,
All of a sudden quite,
Its nurse away was stealing,
With its Mamma in white.
Beware of strange girls, &c.

The Barmaid took it as it crying was—
Away I flying was, of course I flying was,
Its Mamma to find I trying was,
But nowhere could I see.
The house again to find it
I was puzzl'd quite,
So the Barmaid had to mind it,
For the Angel dress'd in white.
Beware of strange girls, &c.

Its Ma nor Nurse, since I've not seen again,
So jolly green again, never mean to be again;
The Baby I have never seen again,
I hope its thriving well.
From me just take a warning,
You will find it right,
All sly wink's be scorning
From Angels dress'd in white.
Beware of strange girls, &c.

THE THORN.

From the white blossom sloe, my dear Chloe
requested
A sprig, her fair breast to adorn;
"No, by Heaven!" I exclaim'd, "may I perish
If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn."

When I show'd her the ring and implored her
to marry,
She blushed like the dawning of morn.
"Yes, yes! I'll consent," she replied, "if you
promise,
That no jealous rival shall laugh me to
scorn."

THE GARRET NEAR THE SKY.

Written by G. W. HUNT.

SUNG BY E. W. MACKNEY.

Music published by L'Enfant and Hodgkins, Rathbone place.

The Cottage by the sea you've heard of,
But not the Garret near the sky;
A Cottage life methinks is lowly,
But life in a Garret's high.
Though I cannot hear the surging billow,
Nor see the waves as they roll high,
I hear Tom Cats when on my pillow,
In my Garret near the sky.
Yes, I often hear the cats moll-rowing,
In my Garret, in my Garret near the sky.

I have no roses near my dwelling,
No honeysuckles strew my bedroom floor,
But London smoke I'm always smelling,
And squalls I hear from kid's next door;
The Milkman's call it oft disturbs me,
And the Cat's-meat man's voice ringing high,
And the smoke it won't go up the chimbly,
In my Garret near the sky,
Yes, the smoke it won't go up the chimbly,
In my Garret, my Garret near the sky.

Though no white cliffs soar above me,
House-tops and chimbly pots I see,
I can gaze on St. Giles' steeple,
That's more than you can near the sea.
But when it rains, oh! Jee-roo-sa-lem!
It comes through the roof in pails on me,
So I think upon consideration,
I'd prefer the Cottage by the sea,
Yes, methinks upon consideration,
I'd prefer the Cottage by the sea,

PEPPER'S PATENT GHOST.

AIR—*Nae Luck.*

Written by H. J. WHYMARK.

(COPYRIGHT.)

Sensations, now, are all the rage,
Which ever way we turn,
And tho' styled an enlightened age,
We for sensations burn.
But "Colleen Bawn" and "Peep o' Day,"
And minor ones—a host—
Have, one and all at length gave way,
To "Pepper's Patent Ghost."
Tol de rol, &c.

All those who're nervously inclined,
At home had better keep,
If not, they'll very likely find
Strange feelings o'er them creep;
For in each Park, each Square, and Street,
On hording, wall or post,
They will an invitation meet
To—"Go and see the Ghost!"
Tol de rol, &c.

AtMusic Halls, Theatres too,
This "Patent Ghost" they show,
The Goblin novelty to view
Some thousands nightly go;
For such a sight they gladly pay,
In order just to boast,
To all their 'Country Cousins'—they
Have seen a perfect Ghost!
Tol de rol, &c.

The "Perfect Cursor" seen his best days,
And Blondin's rhodhie run,
And Leotard—with his "Trapéze"
And "Flying Leaps" has done.
Now, Dircks and Pepper in their "Stead,"
At present rule the roast,
All London, by the nose is led—
To see their "Patent Ghost!"
Tol de rol, &c.

If some defunct you wish to see,
Or great Grandmother too,
Go call on Mr. Pepper, he
Will raise them up for you.
The "Spirit Rappers," of their trade,
No longer make a boast,
They're put completely in the shade
By the "Polcytechnic Ghost!"
Tol de rol, &c.

This Ghost, they say, so well does pay,
All Managers intend
To introduce it in each play,
But there it will not end,
For Spurgeon—who's by no means slow—
Says in a week at most
He will be quite prepared to show—
His "Tabernacle Ghost."
Tol de rol, &c.

Fresh patents come out every day,
But still in my idea,
I—for my part—must freely say,
A "Patent Ghost" seems queer.
But while the great sensation lasts
'Twill prove a golden host,
For money must be mustered
To see "Pepper's Patent Ghost!"
Tol de rol, &c.

MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

RECITATIVE.

My boyhood's home; oh! welcome, welcome sight,
Green spot in mem'ry ever dear,
In youth my subject prayer at night,
In age, a joy no time can sear.
The thunder of the battle
Ne'r could drown thy yellow corn field's song
My boyhood's home, my boyhood's home,
My heart had often dreams,
'Twas there the death came on the breeze along.

AIR.

My boyhood's home, I see thy hills,
I see thy valleys changeful green,
And manhood's eye a tear-drop fills,
Tho' years have roll'd since thee I've seen.
My boyhood's home, &c.

I come to thee from war's dread school,
A warrior stern o'er thee to rule:
But while I gaze on each lov'd plain,
I feel, I feel I am a boy again.
To the war steed adieu,
To the trumpet farewell,
To the pomp of the palace, the proud gilded dome;
For the green scenes of childhood I bid ye farewell,
The warrior returns to his boyhood's lov'd home,
To his boyhood's lov'd home, his lov'd native home.
My boyhood's home, &c.

CHARITY CROW.

Written and Sung by HARRY CLIFTON.

Music published by Hopwood and Crew, 42, New Bond Street.

Some people say that Cupid,
Makes us feel so stupid,
Well, that must be the case with me, oh, dear, oh!
For long I've lov'd a gentle maid,
Who lives in Garden Row,
And ! Binding Ladies Boots ! her trade,
Her name is Charity Crow, oh ! oh ! oh ! oh!
Charity Crow, Charity Crow, Charity Crow the binder,
Charity Crow, I'm going to go, Charity Crow to see;
Charity Crow, Charity Crow, Charity Crow the binder,
Charity Crow, I'm going to go, Charity Crow to see.

'Twas at a gipsy party—
Smiling gay and hearty—
I did meet my Charity sweet, oh! dear, oh!
For in a four-horse pleasure van,
To Woodford I did go;
The fairest seen upon the green
That day, was Charity Crow, oh! oh! oh! oh!
Charity Crow, &c.

I paid her great attention,
She with condescension,
Accepted fruit, nuts to boot, oh! dear, oh!
And on our journey back to town,
I said I'd like to know
If she'd let me her sweetheart be,
"I'll think," says Charity Crow, oh! oh! oh!
Charity Crow, &c.

"Oh! you must ask my Father,"
Said I, "I think I'd rather
Ask yourself, you silly elf, oh! dear, oh!"
Said I "Refuse to hear my pray'r,
My brains I'll quickly blow out!"
"Don't" said she, "you've none to spare."
Tormenting Charity Crow, oh! oh! oh! oh!
Charity Crow, &c.

Ten long months I've courted,
Ten long months I've sported,
Day by day in every way, oh! dear, oh!
But faint heart ne'er fair lady won,
So to her I will go;
My love is hotter than the sun,
I'm scorched for Charity Crow, oh! oh! oh!
Charity Crow, &c.

PLODDING THROUGH THE RAIN.

Written by HARRY SIDNEY.

Composed by FRED. FRENCH

Music published by Hopwood and Crew, 42, New Bond Street.

Sitting lately at my window,
On a rainy day,
Time I whiled away by watching,
All who passed that way.
From the weather some protected,
Others moved in pain;
Some in hunger, cold, neglected,
Wretched in the rain.
Plodding, tripping,
Drench'd and dripping,
Wretched in the rain.

Postman comes, delivers letters,
Sorely I'm afraid,
Of public servants, few are better,
None so badly paid.
Men must vary in their station,
Let him not complain;
But heaven keep him from temptation,
Plodding through the rain.
Plodding, tripping, &c.

A Female form my eye next catches—
Carrying a child,
Singing snatches, selling matches,
See the infant smiled.
Still closer nestled to its mother,
Drops to sleep again;
May He befriend them, they've no other,
Wretched in the rain.
Plodding, tripping, &c.

Relief I gave them, food and money,
Speedily they're gone;
Grim policeman gaunt and stoney,
Bids her to move on.
Duty makes this man suspicious,
Beggars sigh in vain,
He thinks all kindness injudicious
To paupers in the rain.
Plodding, tripping, &c.

Eyes half opened, peeping from an
Old uneasy seat,
Weather-beaten apple woman,
Wherefore in the street.
To the ginshop should she totter,
Just to get a drain;
For such indulgence pray blame not her,
Sitting in the rain.
Sitting, slipping,
Drenched and dripping,
Shiv'ring in the rain.

See, with pliant step and supple,
Two folks next appear;
Watch that loving courting couple,
Closer drawing near.
Neath one small umbrella walking
Whisp'ring love's old strain,
Heedless of the weather, talking,
Happy in the rain,
Trotting, tripping,
Drenched and dripping,
Happy in the rain.

Rest to some men would be hunger,
Hand to mouth they live;
Cabman, 'busman, costermonger,
Daily have to strive.
Watching life's damp dreary feature,
I've not looked in vain;
If more I love my fellow-creature,
Plodding in the rain.
Plodding, tripping,
Drenched and dripping,
Wretched in the rain.

WATER-CRESSES.

Music published by Hopwood and Crew, 42, New Bond Street, W.

Written and Sung by HARRY CLIFTON.

I am a jolly Farmer, from Bedfordshire I came,
To see some friends at Camberwell, and Morgan is my name;
At a dairy farm near Dunstable I live when I'm at home,
And if I get safe back again, from there I'll never roam.
But if you'll give attention, I will tell without delay,
How a buxom little damsel my affections led astray,
And promised for to marry me upon the first of May,
And left me with a bunch of Water-cresses.

'Twas on the first of April when I arrived in town,
And being quite a stranger, I wandered up and down,
Until I lost myself entirely, I cannot tell you where,
But 'twas in a very quiet street, the corner of a square.
A neatly dress'd young woman came walking down the way—
As long as I remember I shall ne'er forget the day;
For she promis'd then to marry me upon the first of May,
And she left me with a bunch of Water-cresses.

Politely I address'd her and thus to her did say,
"I wish to go to Camberwell, can you direct the way?"
"Oh, yes Sir! oh, yes Sir!" she speedily replied,
"Take the turning on the left, then go down the other side."
Her voice it was the sweetest I ever yet did hear,
In her hands—which like the lilly, were so very white and clear,
She'd a bunch of early onions, and a half-a-pint of beer,
Some pickles and a bunch of Water-cresses.

I bow'd and I thank'd her, and walk'd by her side,
And thought how well she'd look as a dairy-farmer's bride;
I gather'd resolution, half in earnest half in joke,
I hinted matrimony, these very words I spoke;
"I've a farm of forty acres, I've horses, cows, and geese,
Besides I have a dairy fill'd with butter, milk, and cheese,
Will you marry me and mistress be, fair lady of all these,
And we'll pass our days on love and Water-cresses."

She replied with a smile (or a leer if you choose),
"You are so very generous, I cannot well refuse,
So give me your direction and I will without delay,
Prepare for matrimony, to love, honour, and obey.
I've a wedding dress to buy, and some little bills to pay."
I handed her a sovereign, expenses to defray,
And she promised for to marry me upon the first of May,
When she left me with a bunch of Water-cresses.

Next day a letter I received, and read there with surprise,
"Dear Sir,—For disappointing you, I must apologize,
But when next you ask a stranger into partnership for life,
Be sure she is a Maiden, or a Widow—not a Wife.
I've a husband of my own, and his name is Willie Grey;
And when I can afford it, the sovereign I'll pay.
To think that I should marry you upon the first of May,
Why, you must have been as green as Water-cresses."

I'D CHOOSE TO BE A BABY.

Sung by E. W. MACKNEY.

I'd choose to be a baby,
A pretty little flower,
A plaything for the ladies—
No care in childhood's hour.
The ladies they would pet me,
And pat me on the brow,
And say I was a beauty,
Why don't they say it now.
I'd choose to be a baby,
A pretty little flower,
A plaything for the ladies—
No care in childhood's hour.

The girls would kiss and hug me,
Saying, "That's a dear, don't cry,"
And fondly lull me fast asleep,
And sing a sweet lullaby.
How they did press and cuddle me,
Till I got anyhow,
Undress, and put me off to bed;
I wish they'd do it now.
I'd choose to be, &c.

How they did like to get me,
And take me on their lap,
Then fill my little belly,
With lollypops and pap;
They'd smother me with kisses,
And dress me fine somehow,
And let me do whate'er I liked;
I wish they'd do it now.
I'd choose to be, &c.

Oh, when I was a baby,
They'd walk me out serene,
They'd powder me, and wash me,
And keep me nice and clean;
They'd praise my little figure,
And kiss me on the brow,
And wish they had one like me;
Why don't they do it now?
I'd choose to be, &c.

ISABELLA!

WITH HER GINGHAM UMBRELLA.

When you've listen'd to my ditty,
My woes you will pity,
I'm a clerk in the City—
Engaged from ten till three;
But with love my heart is laden,
For a very charming maiden,
That one day by accident I happen'd to see;
Her eyes were as black as the pips of a pear,
Her cheeks they were rosy—in ringlets hung her hair;
And her name was Isabella, with a Gingham Umbrella,
And her Father keeps a barber's shop at Islington. And her name, &c.

Thinking I would woo her,
I politely walk'd up to her,
And began a conversation
So gallant and so free.
When soon I did diskiver—
As we steam'd up the river—
She was Bo'son to a bonnet shop in Battersea.
I ask'd her her residence, I asked her her name,
When she said that with pleasure she would tell me the same,
And putting up her Umbrella, said, "My name is Isabella,
And my Father keeps a barber's shop at Islington." And her name, &c.

After chatting, for the present
We parted very pleasant,
I begg'd that very shortly
I might meet with her again;
She said, "Oh! sir, with pleasure,"
Then she pack'd up all her treasure,
Which she put beneath her cloak, just to keep it from the rain.
She'd a very large nosegay, 'twas a bundle of stocks,
A blue paper parcel, and a large bonnet box,
With a Gingham Umbrella, had my charming Isabella,
Who's Father keeps a barber's shop at Islington. And her name, &c.

I took her down to Sydenham
And paid for her admission,
I took her down to Gravesend,
Escorted her to Kew,
I treated her to Madame
Tussaud's exhibition,
And eight hours at the sea-side at Brighton too;
At length we were engaged in a regular way,
And my hours pass'd as happy as the flowers in May,
When I thought of Isabella and her Gingham Umbrella,
And her Father's little barber's shop at Islington. And her name, &c.

But you'll find in the sequel
My woes have not an equal,
For oh! most deceitful
She proved at length to me.
I went to her father's—
My Isabel to meet her,
But alas! no Isabella
I there could see;
When just by the Angel I chanced to drop—
Somehow or other—in a Sixpenny hop,
And there was Isabella, with a ginger whisker'd feller,
She was doing double shuffle up at Islington.
And her name, &c.

By the horrid sight attracted,
I felt so distracted,
I know not how I acted—
In terms rather strong,
When I heard the people shout,
"The fellow's drunk, turn him out!"
As if it had been me
And not them in the wrong.
When I rush'd at my rival, satisfaction to gain,
But in this, my endeavours I found were quite in vain,
For up rush'd Isabella, and with her gingham Umbrella
Spoil'd my new Six and Nine up at Islington.
And her name, &c.

Quite madden'd with the doings
Of this wicked young spinster,
I resolved that I would end
Both my love and my woes,
So I rush'd right away
Tow'rds the bridge of Westminster,
Determined in the river Thames
To end my woes.
But I quickly changed my mind, for to myself I thought
There's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught;
Then a fig for Isabella and her Gingham Umbrella,
And her Father's little barber's shop at Islington. And her name, &c.

THERE'S A LIGHT IN HER LAUGHING EYE.

There's a light in her laughing eye,
A sparkling beam from the mind within,
As the lightning flash in the sky,
Is a gleam from the world that knows no sin.
There's a charm in her gracious smile.
A charm that drives each doubt away,
As the dawn to some favor'd Isle,
Is the dawn of hope to a glorious day.
There's a light, &c.

O! there's a charm in her gentle sigh,
A voice that whispers of joy and love,
As the murmuring breeze in its melody
Is a whisper we catch from the blest above.
There's a light in her laughing eye,
A sparkling beam from the mind within,
As the lightning flash in the sky,
Is a gleam from the world that knows no sin.
There's a charm in her gracious smile,
A charm that drives each doubt away,
As the dawn to some favor'd Isle,
Is the dawn of hope to some glorious day.
There's a light, &c.

MARY'S POLICEMAN.

Written and Sung by Mr. Rightby, *in his Entertainment entitled* "Our Street," *at the Royal Colosseum.*
Circle published by L'Enfant & Hodgkins, Rathbone Place.

Kind friends pay attention and my woes I will relate,
And although it may seem rather queer, it's all true what I state.
I'm a man of edication, likewise you will see that,
I'm not a common sort of chap, but a reg'lar harristocrat;
And a fortin' I'd a made, as I'm a knowing blade,
And up to many rummy tricks, tho' I never learnt a trade;
But vene'er good luck I see, it's allus drew away from me,
'Cos a P'liceman with big whiskers takes a sly glance at me.

Now vi I fears that P'liceman's glance very quickly will be seen;
I once put on some soldier's clothes and passed for a horse-marine;
I made strong love to a servant gal, ven she fetch'd her master's beer,
Though I know'd she got a P'liceman for her true lovier.
At the area gate one night, ven ve thought it vos all right,
She brought me out a cold meat pie, but started vith affright,
The cause of her alarm I turned round to see,
Ven Mary's P'liceman with big whiskers took a sly glance at me.

Next I thought to make some cash by pertendin' to be blind,
I had a dog tied to a string, vich I slowly valk'd behind,
"I'm blind," vos wrote upon a card, my dog he had a tin,
Vich he carried in his mouth for folks to put the money in.
Vith closed eyes I vent my round, ven I thought I heard a sound
Like a shilling dropp'd into the tin of my poor faithful hound.
I slowly open'd my right eye, a shilling thought to see,
But instead of a bright shilling, Mary's Bobby glanc'd at me.

Then I put on sailor's clothes, tied my arm up in a sling,
And fastened on a vooden leg, vich looked like the real thing,
I talk'd about my vounds and scars, and sung about the sea,
'Cos English folks for poor sailors have alvays sympathy.
A lady came along who listened to my song,
Vich made her cry, 'cos my voice, if not sweet, is strong.
She then offered me some money, vich I'd nearly got, ven he—
Mary's P'liceman with big whiskers—took a sly glance at me.

Then the starving father dodge vith an infant I did try,
I paid sixpence for a baby, vich I pinch'd to make it cry;
This dodge don't pass so vell just now—the only reason is
That babies used to be so cheap, but babies now is riz.
But an old gent vith the gout I saw pull his purse out,
And I should ha' got a summat wery handsome I've no doubt,
But I dropp'd the baby in the mud, as a voice exclaim'd to me,
"Move on!" and Mary's P'liceman took a sly glance at me.

Once I'd walk'd so werry fur my legs I could not keep,
So I sat down on a door-step and I quickly fell asleep,
And in my sleep I had some dreams of, oh! such pleasant things,
I thought I was the friend of princes, emperors and kings.
I was at the court of France, far away from that sly glance,
A-waltzing with the Empress—who had just ask'd me to dance;
I squeez'd her hand, she squeezed mine, that squeeze it woke me up,
And the P'licemen—not the Empress—took a sly glance at me.

Now P'licemen is a useful lot, does some good I dessay,
At least when they're not wanted, they're always in the way;
I've heard it said as in olden times they used to torture, bake, and burn,
But what torture's like that P'liceman's sly glance I've yet to learn.
Go where, do what I will, that sly glance is on me still;
I wish I was a M.P., I would then bring in this bill,
If a P'liceman saw an honest man as lived by roguery,
That P'liceman should be hung for only one sly glance at he.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

Our bark was far, far from the land,
When the fairest of our gallant band
Grew deadly pale, and weaned away,
Like the twilight of an autumn day.
We had watch'd him through long hours of pain,
Our cares were great, our hopes in vain,
Death's stroke he gave no coward's alarm,
But he smiled and died in his messmate's arms.

We had no costly winding-sheet,
We placed two round shots at his feet,
He lays in his hammock as snug and as sound
As a king in his long shroud, marble-bound;
We proudly deck'd his funeral vest
With a British flag upon his breast—
We gave him this as a badge of the brave,
And then he was fit for a sailor's grave.

Our voices broke and hearts turned weak,
Oft tears were seen on the brownest cheek,
The quiver played on the lip of pride,
As we lower'd him down the ship's dark side;
Then a splash and a plunge, and our task was o'er
And the billows rolled as they rolled before,
And many wild prayers hallow'd the waves,
And he sank beneath a sailor's grave.

KISS ME QUICK.

SUNG BY MR. W. P. COLLINS.

The other night, as I was sparking sweet Tarlina Spray,
The more we whisper'd our love-talking, the more we had to say.
The old folks and the little ones were fast asleep in bed,
I heard a footstep on the stairs, now, what do you think she said?
Oh! kiss me quick, and go, my honey!
Kiss me quick, and go.
To cheat surprise, and prying eyes,
Why, kiss me quick, and go.

The other night I took Tarlina a moonlight promenade,
And soon we brought up to the doorstep where the old folks staid.
The clock struck one, our hearts struck two, when, peeping over head,
I saw a nightcap raise the blind, now, what do you think she said?
Oh! kiss me quick, &c.

Last Sunday night we sat together, sighing, side by side,
Just like two winter leaves of cabbage in the sunshine fried.
My heart with love was nigh to split to ask her for to wed;
Said I, "Shall I go for the priest?"—Now, what do you think she said?
Oh! kiss me quick, &c.

TOLL THE BELL FOR LILLA DALE.

SUNG BY MR. J. W. RAYNOR.

My Lilla dear is sleeping
'Neath the old chestnut tree,
The spot where oft she wandered,
When innocent and free.
The wild rose and the myrtle
Still cluster round the spot;
But my heart's filled with sorrow,
And lonely is my lot.

CHORUS.

Toll, toll the bell, for gentle Lilla Dale,
And let its tones echo through the vale;
Our Lilla dear we've lost, so loving, kind, and true;
Sing to-day one sad lay—lost Lilla Dale!

'Tis spring; the birds are warbling
A sad and mournful tale,
Of beauty once so blooming,
Now lying cold and pale.
The streamlet ripples onward,
So quiet through the vale;
The wild rose drops a dewy tear
For earth-lost Lilla Dale.
Toll, toll the bell, &c.

My Lilla dear, I'm watching;
O! wilt thou never come,
To greet me with a blessing
From thy far, angel home!
My sad heart now is aching,
With heavy care oppressed;
O! may I quickly greet thee
In that pure land of rest.
Toll, toll the bell, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STAR.

SUNG BY MR. D. S. WAMBOLD.

Beautiful star, in heaven so bright,
Softly falls thy silv'ry light,
As thou movest from earth afar,
Star of the evening, beautiful star.
Star of the evening, &c.

In fancy's eye they seem to say,
Follow me; come, from earth away!
Upward thy spirit's pinions try
To realms of love beyond the sky.
To realms of love, &c.

Shine, oh, star of love divine!
May our souls' affection twine
Around thee, as thou movest afar,
Star of the twilight, beautiful star!
Star of the twilight, &c.

I'M LEAVING THEE IN SORROW, ANNIE.

SUNG BY MR. D. S. WAMBOLD.

I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Annie,
I'm leaving thee in tears;
It may be for a long time, Annie—
Perhaps for many years.
It is more kind to part now, dearest,
Than linger here in pain,
To think of joys that once were brightest,
But ne'er may come again.
I'm leaving thee, &c.

I'm thinking of the past, dear Annie,
When your locks were bright as gold;
Your smiles were soft, but now, dear Annie,
Our hearts seem growing cold.
It was not time that stole the blossoms
From off thy cheeks so fair,
But winter came too soon upon them,
And chill'd the flow'ret there,
I'm leaving thee, &c.

THE CHARM.

They say there's a secret charm that lies
In some wild flow'ret's bell,
That grows in a vale where the west wind sighs,
And where secrets best might dwell;
And they who can find the fairy flower,
A treasure possess that might grace a throne,
For oh! they can rule, with the softest power,
The heart they would make their own.

The Indian has toil'd in the dusky mine,
For the gold that has made him a slave;
Or, plucking the pearl from the sea-god's shrine,
Has tempted the wrath of the wave.
But ne'er has he sought, with a love like mine,
The flower that holds the heart in thrall,
Oh! rather I'd win that charm divine,
Than their gold, and their pearl, and all.

I've sought it by day, from morn till eve,
I've won it in dreams at night,
And then how I grieve my couch to leave,
And sigh at the morning light.
Yet sometimes I think, in a hopeful hour,
The blissful moment I yet may see,
To win the flow'r from the fairy's bow'r,
And give it, love, to thee!

POLLY PERKINS OF PADDINGTON GREEN.

Music published by Hopwood and Crew, 42, New Bond Street.

SUNG BY HARRY CLIFTON.

I'm a broken hearted Milkman, in grief I'm arrayed,
Through keeping of the company of a young servant maid,
Who lived on board wages, to keep the house clean,
In a gentleman's family near Paddington Green.
She was as beautiful as a butterfly,
And as proud as a queen.
Was pretty little Polly Perkins
Of Paddington Green.

Her eyes was as black as the pips of the pear.
No rose in the garden with her cheeks could compare;
Her hair hung in ringlets so beautiful and long,
I thought that she loved me but I found I was wrong. She was, &c.

When I'd rattle in the morning and cry, "Milk below,"
At the sound of my milk cans her face she would show,
With a smile upon her countenance and a laugh in her eye—
If I thought she'd not love me I'd lay down and die. She was, &c.

When I asked her to marry me, she said, "Oh! what stuff,"
And told me to drop it for she had quite enough
Of my nonsense—at the same time I'd been very kind,
But to marry a Milkman she did not feel inclined. She was, &c.

"Oh! the man that has me must have silver and gold,
A chariot to ride in and be handsome and bold.
His hair must be curly as any watch spring,
And his whiskers as long as a brush for clothing."
She was, &c.

The words that she uttered went through to my heart,
I sobbed, I sighed, and from her did depart
With a tear on my eyelids as big as a bean,
Bidding good-bye to Polly and Paddington Green. She was, &c.

In six months she married—this hard-hearted girl—
But it was not a wicount, and it was not a 'nearl,
It was not a baronite, but a shade or two wus,
'Twas a bow-legged conductor of a twopenny 'Bus. She was, &c.

GOING DOWN HOLBORN HILL.

Published by Hopwood and Crew, 42, New Bond Street, W.

Written by G. W. HUNT.

SUNG BY KATE HARLEY.

I was promenading out one lovely morn
In the middle of July,
Admiring all the pretty little dears
As they went passing by,
When I saw, Oh! such a dear little duck,
Who caused this frame to thrill,
As she swept the pave with a green cotton dress,
As she went down Holborn Hill.
As she went down Holborn Hill,
As she went down Holborn Hill.
Now my swells when you're out,
Just mind what you're about,
With the girls down Holborn Hill.

As I pass'd by, she look'd so shy,
Says I, "Miss is your name Jones?"
Says she—like a saint—"Well, no it ain't,"
In, oh! such lovely tones;
Says she, with a wink, "It's no such think,
My name's Maria Till."
And then she said she was nu'sery maid,
To a house down Holborn Hill.
Oh, away down Holborn Hill, &c.

As on we walk'd, we sigh'd and talk'd,
About love and things divine,
She had seven pounds a year, her sugar and beer,
So I ask'd her to be mine.
Says she, "No followers *is* allow'd
In the house, but if you're still,
You may come to-night, and I'll make it all right
At the house down Holborn Hill."
Oh, away down Holborn Hill, &c.

I was there in a crack, I got over the back,
Beeause all the doors were shut;
And to reach my love who was looking out above,
I got on the water butt,
When to my dismay, the lid gave way,
And in I fell with a chill,
And by Jove! I found I was half drown'd,
In a butt down Holborn Hill.
In a butt down Holborn Hill,
Half drown'd down Holborn Hill.
So my swells, &c.

Poor Maria! with fright she scream'd outright,
And loud for help did shout,
When her master came down in his flannel dressing gown,
And kindly pull'd me out;
And from what he said I felt afraid
This swell he meant to kill;
And my fears increased, when he call'd,
"Police!"
But there was none down Holborn Hill,
No Police down Holborn Hill,
No Police down Holborn Hill.
So look out for the Garotte,
For no doubt you'll get it hot,
Away down Holborn Hill.

Well, the master let me go, and I was not slow
In bolting from the spot,
But between me and you and the Tic Doloreux,
By Jove! I had it hot.
But I never saw, alas! no more,
My poor Maria Till,
For she hung herself to a gooseberry bush,
Somewhere down Holborn Hill.
Somewhere down Holborn Hill, &c.

POOR OLD MIKE.

I was reared in Doncaster some forty years ago,
But times are very different, as many of you know;
I've had my share of sunshine, of course I can't complain,
But the good old days have passed away, and they'll never come again.
Poor old Mike!

For now I'm growing old, and my age it does decay,
A poor, old, worn out stableman, every one does say.
Poor old Mike! poor old Mike!

When I was rising six years old, they first put me across
One of Lord Derby's favorites, for a trial round the course.
So firm and neat I kept my seat, the knowing ones they star'd,
As I rattled in from a two mile spin, every one declared—
'Twas clever little Mike!

Then I was made a Jockey, it suited well my taste,
A handy chap at a handicap, smart at a steeple chase;
East, west, north, or south, I could show an open face,
For I always acted on the square, and never sold a race,
Honest little Mike!

But soon I grew too big, I could neither "train" or "waste,"
My patrons too they died, so I was sack'd in haste.
But posting days were in their prime, a post hack I bestrode,
With a smack, "Ya hip! crack goes the whip, rattling down the road;
Merry little Mike!

But steam soon run us off the road, and rheumatizm set in,
'Twas then I first knew poverty, my troubles did begin.
Relations, friends, acquaintances, all dead or far away,
I was odd man in a stable-yard for half-a-crown a day.
Poor old Mike!

By the young un's beaten out and out, and bundled from the yard,
I touted in St. Martin's Lane, or sold a racing card.
Sometimes I get the "tip" when an old friend comes to town,
And there's many a swell for the news I tell will drop me half a crown.
Poor old Mike!

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE.

Let us pause in life's pleasures, and count its many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There is a song that will linger for ever in our ears,
Oh! hard times come again no more.

CHORUS.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard times, hard times come again no more;
Many days have you lingered around my cabin door,
Oh! hard times come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty, and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door:
Tho' their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say,
Oh! hard times come again no more.
'Tis the song, &c.

There's a pale, drooping maiden, who works her life away,
With a worn heart, whose better days are o'er;
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,
Oh! hard times come again no more.
'Tis the song, &c.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard across the shore;
Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave,
Oh! hard times come again no more.
'Tis the song, &c.

THE SNOW-WHITE PLUME.

The sun went down on Grecy's plain,
As clos'd that glorious day,
And girt by countless heaps of slain
The vanquished monarch lay.
And as amid the deep'ning gloom
They sadly search'd it o'er,
They knew him by the snow-white plume
That on his helm he bore.
The shades of night were gath'ring fast,
The stars their pale light shed,
When o'er the field the Conqueror pass'd,
And paused before the dead!
He seized the plume and proudly cried,
"Henceforth, fair England's heir,
In court, or camp, or battle-tide,
No meaner crest shall wear."

That plume, by touch of hostile hand,
How bravely and how well
Have England's sons kept unprofaned,
Let England's annals tell!
Their pride has been, their loyalty
Untarnished to preserve,
The first of England's chivalry,
Their boast is still, "I serve."
Heaven guard him well, fair England's son,
Upon whose youthful brow
That snow-white plume—so nobly won—
Is proudly waving now.
Long! long! that trophy may he wear,
In honour and renown,
Till in some yet far distant year,
He yields it for the Crown!

"AIN'T YOU SORRY YOU DRESS'D YOURSELF."

Music published by H. D'Alcorn, 8, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, W.

Written by W. WILLIAMS.

SUNG BY H. WALL.

O, the most annoying thing in life,
Is the laugh against you turn'd,
For myself, I've had my share of it,
Tho' I've many a lesson learn'd;
Just fancy yourself dress'd spruce and neat,
Face glowing with ruddiest health,
When with mud you're splash'd and hear boys shout,

Spoken.—"Here's a lark."

"Ain't you sorry you dress'd yourself."

To a wedding being ask'd, how gay I dress'd,
And donn'd white waistcoat neat,
When coming across some dirty boys,
Throwing hand springs in the street.
One youngster he came bounding o'er,
My chest caught the feet of the elf,
Left his black foot-prints, then grinning shouts

Spoken.—"Hilloo, my swell."

"Ain't you sorry you dress'd yourself."

For the opera, on a special night,
I had taken tickets before
For self and lady, and in a cab,
Thro' the other cabs we tore;
When going to pay, I found at home
I had left both tickets and pelf,
Was driven back 'midst the cabmen's shouts—

Spoken.—"My pink, in the white choker."

"Ain't you sorry you dress'd yourself."

To a party, one night invited out,
Where I knew my lady I'd meet,
And feeling jealous, from a rival wished
My intended fair to keep.
I went, but lo! 'twas a night too late,
I looked like a stupid elf,
While the servants tittered, and I heard them say—

Spoken.—"He's a nice young man."

"Ain't he sorry he dress'd himself."

Again, by appointment to meet this maid,
I'd taken much pains in my dress,
But after waiting a couple of hours,
I was pretty well tired you'll guess,
When suddenly I saw two forms
Who tried to pass by stealth,
'Twas she and my rival, who taunting said—

Spoken.—"I say my chap, how do you feel."

"Ain't you sorry you dress'd yourself."

At length she promised, she'd with me wed,
And me at the church she'd meet,
I'd new wedding suits, and invited friends,
Who joyfully me did greet;
We arrived at the church, and waited for
The girl dear to me as wealth,
She never came, when some urchins roar'd—

Spoken.—"Crikey, don't he look awful down-hearted tho'."

"Ain't you sorry you dress'd yourself."

One more mishap I'll mention now,
Another I tried to win;
She liv'd near a brook, into which I fell
And got wet to the skin;
Some stable clothes were brought for a change,
When, oh! unlucky elf,
The lady appear'd, one look was enough—

Spoken.—She actually laugh'd in my face, while I—

I was sorry I dress'd myself.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us here,
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere,
Home! home, sweet home
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain!
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that come at my call:—
Give me sweet peace of mind that's dearest than all! Home! home, &c.

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